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Sleep.

JULIUS A. NIEUWLAND, '99.

(Rondel.)

WHEN sleep falls on my heavy eyes
And lulls my spirit to repose,
Like a drowsy bee my fancy flies
To sip new sweets from memory's rose.
The trouble of life's work day goes.
I cast off sorrow's fretful guise,
When sleep falls on my heavy eyes
And lulls my spirit to repose.

Though a living friend may not arise
To smile away oppressive woes;
In the dead long wept oft comfort lies,
And a dearer friend my dreams disclose,
When sleep falls on my heavy eyes
And lulls my spirit to repose.

A Bit of Interpretation.

WILLIAM D. FURRY, 1900.

wisdom, and from whom they took no vigor, all these qualities blended in a single character, have gained a firm hold on the affections of the English in spite of moral disapproval.

There are enough qualities in Falstaff for one to condemn him, yet no one has ever had the heart to hate him. Somehow the suspicion remains with us that there was, somewhere, in the man's nature something sound and good, and that he is not so bad as he appears to be.

From his copious use of quotations from the Bible, we must conclude that his youth was spent in a religious atmosphere; that he grew to manhood in a well-ordered home; that he attended church; and knew the Creed and Catechism; that he was instructed in Christian doctrine and duty; that he understood the meaning and use of prayer, repentance and fasting; and that he believed in the rewards and punishments of the future, and always had "an ever-present vision of the King of Terrors and the fires of hell."

There can be no doubt that he possessed all these, and that he got them from the character of his early training. And we know well that such teaching in youth can not be lost or thrown away. A man may change his opinions concerning the validity and genuineness of this teaching; may deny both the Bible and the Church, yet throughout his life these teachings will go with him; and, despite his efforts to suppress them, they will make their way to the surface.

So was it with Falstaff. These early teachings haunted him through his audacious and vicious career, as witnessed by the many prickings of his conscience and his determination to turn over a new leaf some day. But Falstaff's end comes before he has turned over this new leaf; and should we accept the ordinary interpretation of Falstaff's life and words, we should expect him to leave this life with a jest; but from Shakspere's own view, Falstaff's

JACK FALSTAFF has always had a peculiar place on the great stage upon which the English dramatist rang up the curtain three centuries ago, and upon which, in the invisible theatre of the world, successive generations have sat in awe, in silence and in delight.

And Falstaff has secured this peculiar place, because—at least in a gross way—he stands for the vitality of the English-speaking race, and represents the excess and overflow of certain great qualities peculiar to the English race. Strange as it may appear, Falstaff's vigor of appetite; his audacity, coolness and wit, the man to whom the increase of years brought no

end "will be a consistent termination of his life—profoundly tragic." The account of his end is thus given by the hostess, Mistress Quickly:

"A made a finer end, and went away an' it had been any Christom child; a parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide; for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends I knew there was but one way; for his nose was sharp as a pen, and a babbled of green fields."

This final phrase to which many and various meanings have been given, can be best explained, we believe, by the return of the mind of the dying man to his childhood days and the memories of them. He must in his childhood have learned by rote the XXIII Psalm; and when we think of the countless death-beds that have been comforted by the sweet, uplifting eloquence of this Psalm, we can not but conclude that Falstaff, the dear old sinner who never 'had strength to repent,' was then, in his mortal extremity, mustering all his powers 'to die a fair death' by repeating in broken and half-audible accents the verse he had learned from the Bible in his boyhood days.

There is much in the character and words of Falstaff to make this interpretation probable. Besides it is psychologically probable; and it borrows from childhood a soft light for the end of one that had known better days spiritually.

Frederick Chopin.

FRANK F. DUKEETTE.

Music is said to be the most popular of the arts. Yet it is a haughty and exclusive art. Beethoven wanted to be heard by the intellect and by his equals. He said that emotion becomes only women; that music should strike fire from the mind of man. Evidently, men of Beethoven's ability deemed it no disgrace if brute creation was not insensible to the charms of music. What wonder then if some of the greatest geniuses of the world should be engaged in working out these charms! How many do we find that have given their whole life to music and have left to the world great treasures in their compositions. A gifted child of this art was Chopin, whose life reads like a highly-colored romance. After allowing for exaggeration, the bare facts of this man's

life stand out as the clever plot of a carefully thought-out piece of fiction. If unfortunate, this musician's life was still ideal and artistic. Chopin was to the piano what Schubert was to song—the inspired advocate of a new school. Romanticism, at that time, had such disciples as Victor Hugo among the poets, Delacroix among the painters, and Schumann, Berlioz and Chopin among the musicians. Chopin's peculiarly original genius and his weird and poetic style of playing made him the ideal of the clever men, while his deep blue eyes and delicate constitution rendered him interesting in the eyes of the women. Chopin was the Shelley of music.

Frederick Francis Chopin was born in 1810 at Zela-Zowa-Wola near Warsaw. His family was originally French, and though it appears to have been neither rich nor prosperous, it was gifted with a certain distinction. All accounts of his young life agree that Frederick was a frail and delicate child and a source of constant anxiety to his parents. He was quiet and thoughtful in his youth and blessed with a very sweet disposition.

Ziowna, an ambitious disciple of Sebastian Bach, first instructed Chopin when the pupil was nine years old. In this boy's case those startling stories of infantine genius, so common in the history of most great musicians, were happily absent. The lad studied methodically, and with the exception of a watch given him by a noted singer, Madame Catalani, his young life was passed without notice. At the age of sixteen, when studying in the conservatory at Warsaw, his marvellous powers were brought to the surface. He was the favorite pupil of the Director, Joseph Elsner, and from this instructor Chopin undoubtedly learned those habits of severe study and that practical science which gave him in later years so complete a mastery over his subtle and dreamy creations. With the young nobility at the college, Chopin was a great favorite. He met the families of these youthful admirers, and at that early age he took a foremost place in society, for which his nature so peculiarly fitted him.

During the musician's student life he developed the imaginative and romantic spirit of his race, and this afterward made his music and his style so original and triumphant. Chopin breathed the spirit and tendencies of his people in every faculty of his soul. In his art he united the wild, imaginative melancholy—gloomy in the Polish peasant; but charming when united to the grace and culture of the

Polish noble. One afternoon in his later years he was playing before a distinguished woman in Paris, and she described his music as suggestive of those gardens in Turkey where bright parterres of flowers and shady bowers are strewn with gravestones and burial mounds. In all his music the imagination can detect "agitation, rancour, revolt, menace, and sometimes despair."

After he had completed his education at Warsaw, the musician visited Vienna, and while in that city he played frequently in public. Liszt, however, had been there before him; and Chopin found those large audiences so lately carried away by the thunder of cascades and hurricanes found in Liszt's art, wholly unprepared to listen to "the murmuring of the waterfall or the sighing of the midnight wind." The genius of Chopin could never cope with the masses. "I am not suited for concert-giving," he said to Liszt. "The public intimidate me—their breath stifles me. You are destined for it; for when you do not gain your public, you have the power to assault, to overwhelm, to compel them." If Chopin's nature could not control the indifference of the many, this lack was more than made up by the enthusiastic admiration of the few. Thus the composer avoided general society, and found only the great artists and those sympathetic with his art his congenial companions.

The position of Poland after the Revolution of 1830 was hopeless and discouraging enough, and Chopin, like many of his compatriots, determined to leave his country and to seek a temporary asylum in England. Events unforeseen delayed the accomplishment of his plan, for he stayed long in Paris. When he left that city he did not go to London, but with broken health he sought an island in the Mediterranean. At the very first, the French capitol took the tone poet into its best society, and but for his natural reticence and inborn melancholy, Chopin's life at this period would have been an extremely happy one. Still he shunned the celebrities, literary and philosophical. He seldom entertained, and objected to the invasion of his privacy. Many interesting descriptions are written of those informal gatherings, composed of the greatest men of his day, that occasionally stormed the musician's apartments. This period, which should have been the golden one of his life, found Chopin seeking the company of Polish exiles, and producing those compositions that make him the master of the pianoforte.

An account of Chopin's life, though brief, could not overlook the outcome of his unfortunate passion for Madame Sand. At their first meeting, the strong personality of the woman quite absorbed the fragile musician, and she drew him as a magnet draws steel. In her boundless ambition he was necessary to her. She felt that one side of her nature had never been adequately expressed, and Chopin appeared to gratify that curiosity. Thus it happened that she did not scruple to sacrifice his happiness to her selfish system of immorality. Where the sensitive Chopin represented but a part of the many-sided life of Madame Sand, Madame Sand for awhile represented the whole of the Polish pianist's life. When Chopin's health became very delicate, the two spent a season on the island of Majorca, where the sunny waters and cloudless skies and the presence of the woman he loved partially restored the health of the overtaxed and exhausted musician. Some of his loveliest inspirations arose "as he lingered by the blooming coast, gazed upon the summer sea, or floated out into the moonlit waters of the Mediterranean."

With improved health Chopin returned to Paris; but there great disappointments awaited him, and the dream of his life—a union in marriage with Madame Sand—was found to be forever impossible. The love that was only an episode in the life of George Sand proved to be the whole life of Chopin. "All the chords," he would frequently say, "that bound me to life are broken."

From this stage in his life, the health of Chopin gradually declined. He rallied, however, by sheer force of will, and worked. Soon he tired of Paris and craved a change. He had little choice where he went so long as he could leave behind all the unpleasant memories of Paris. He finally determined to go to London. His friends and disciples assembled in M. Pleyel's rooms, and words fail to describe the sadness of the scene when the admirers of Chopin's art realized that they would never again hear him play. He entered the highest society in England, and was presented to the Queen. He had grown utterly careless about his health; he went much into society; sat up late at night, and exposed himself to constant fatigues. Against all advice he journeyed to Scotland, and returned to Paris in the last stages of consumption.

Once more in Paris the feeble man's unnatural energy was succeeded by the deepest

dejection. He scarcely ever left his bed and seldom spoke. One evening toward sunset, Chopin, who had lain insensible for hours, suddenly rallied and asked Countess Potocka, who stood weeping at the foot of his bed, to sing for him. There, as the twilight deepened and the last rays of the setting sun streamed into the room, the Countess with trembling voice sang that famous canticle to the Blessed Virgin that is said to have once saved the life of Stradella.

"How beautiful it is!" exclaimed the dying man. "My God, how beautiful! Again, again!" On October 17, 1894, in his fortieth year, Chopin died.

The compositions of Chopin were exclusively for the piano; and, as composer and virtuoso, he was the founder of a new school. Perhaps he shared that honor with Robert Schumann, who called him "the boldest and proudest poetic spirit of the times." His works have been criticised as sometimes wanting in breadth and robustness of tone, but never as lacking in utmost finish and refinement. His effects are so quaint and fresh and full of delicate and unexpected beauties that they fill the mind of the listener with pleasurable sensations not obtained from grander works.

Chopin was the musical exponent of his nation; for the sensibilities, aspirations and the melancholy of the Polish race breathed in all the forms of his art. His genius could never confine itself within classic bounds, but was fantastic, impulsive, and swayed by inspirations that were always novel and startling. All the suggestions of the quaint and beautiful Polish dance-music were worked by Chopin into a variety of forms, and were greatly enriched by his skill in handling. It has been said that he dreamed out his early reminiscences in music, and these national memories became embalmed in his art.

As a romance composer, Chopin beat out his own path, and has had no rival. While his works are filled with originality, they display dignity and refinement. As a musical poet, however, embodying the feelings and tendencies of a people, he advances his chief claim to his place in art. He was essentially a dreamer and an idealist. If his range was limited, in that limit he reached a perfection of finish and originality that has never been surpassed. Indeed Chopin incorporated the melancholy of his own life into a requiem for his nation, and on that dark background weaved most beautiful figures and colors.

A Happy Mistake.

LOUIS C. M. REED, 1900.

It was her day at home. All her callers had taken their departure but one—and he? Well, he always stayed just as long as he could when he called on her.

"So their engagement is to be announced at the dance to-morrow night," he was saying.

"Yes," she replied, "Maud is so happy. She wants the whole world to know it, so—"

"At home, Doris?" called Louise Fallant as she suddenly appeared in the door-way.

"Why, of course, dear, come right in."

"Oh! I can't stay but a second, but—Why, how do you do, Mr. Davis? I couldn't go back without coming in. No, I won't sit down; I must go right away. I have a thousand and one errands to attend to before going home." But she seats herself and takes off her wraps.

"How cozy you two looked as I came in. You must have been having an awfully good time."

"Indeed we were, Miss Fallant," replied Mr. Davis.

"Oh! Louise," said Doris, "I want to tell you about the engagement of—"

"Engagement? Why Doris Jane Ann Rendall! You don't mean to say you're engaged to Mr. Davis? What a darling you are!"

"But, Louise, I am surprised. I—"

"Well, I'm not, if you are. I knew it all the time. Why, I told Jack at the theatre last night when we saw Mr. Davis looking at you so devotedly, that it was as good as an engagement any day."

"But, Louise," exclaimed Doris and Davis together.

"Well, I'm awfully glad you told me first. I always like to be first with the news. Isn't it delightful? I'll tell all the girls at the dance to-night. You will make such a charming couple, and Doris will be the prettiest bride we have ever had. Don't you think so, Mr. Davis?"

"Well—re—really—considering," began Davis, but Louise broke in again:

"Oh! let me see your ring, dear. Is it larger than those that Jack, Fred, Will and Harry gave you last year? I remember Tom was too poor to afford a diamond; but—why Doris! you haven't any! Now I wouldn't engage myself to a man that wouldn't give me a ring, especially a diamond."

"Louise!" said Doris desperately, "will you please keep still long enough for me to tell you—"

"How it all happened? Of course I am wild to hear. You must have a church wedding, and whatever you do, don't have a long engagement. I haven't much faith in them; they generally end in a quarrel of some sort."

"Heavens! Louise, you don't understand; you are mistaken in supposing for a moment that I—"

"What! Doris Rendall! Don't tell me you are not going to have a church wedding. I should never forgive you. Our church is a love, and the chancel is too dear for words, decorated with lillies and ferns. You'll have lil—"

"Really, Louise, I don't know what I'll have. If you would only keep still I—"

"But I can't. I must go straight home, and I want to find out all about it in the shortest time possible. Now tell me what the bridesmaids will wear? Do say pink; you know how becoming it is to me. If you don't say pink I shall simply die."

"Really, I—"

"And I shall give you that silver tea set you admired the other day, and,—gracious! I just happened to think; I haven't asked you when it is to be.

"Never!" cried Doris frantically.

"What do you mean?" asked Louise in a state of collapse.

"Just what I said. You see you wouldn't keep still long enough for me to tell you; but the fact is I am not engaged to Mr. Davis or anyone else. The engagement referred to is Maud Gilmore's and Gay Lewis'."

You mean old thing! I'm mad at you both! How could you lead me on in this way, and how could I help suspecting when you have been flirting so with Mr. Davis? I am going home this instant."

"Well, dear," said Davis, after the talkative Miss Fallant had gone, "Louise's mistake will not be a mistake after all if you will say that you love me. Do you know, I've loved you for a long time, but I thought you looked upon this as just a flirtation, and I was afraid to speak. I did not care to suffer the refusal that the others did."

"Oh! Fred, I thought you never would propose. Of course, I'll be your wife, you big old stupid! I've just been dying to tell you for ever so long that I loved you."

Varsity Verse.

IRENE.

SO they ask why I love you, Irene?
If a tear or sigh
Could answer their why
Twould tell them the burden of life, Irene.
For as oft in my dreams
Do these fairy-day beams
Return again to their home, Irene!
Do they leave me in tears
At the hopes and the fears
Of the days that are gone, Irene?
But your memory yet,
Like a star that has set,
Shines as brightly as ever, Irene;
For your fairy face steal
Through all that I feel
And your cheek is as red as the rose, Irene.
And then, there are those eyes!
With their blue from the skies!
Ah! I love you for these and for those, Irene.

P. J. D.

TO THE SESTINE.

The triolet near drove me mad,
And then the rondeau came, the queen
Of verse-forms French. The pantoum sad
Before the villanelle had been
A friend to me. The stiff ballade
Came next, and last the weird sestine.

Rondeaux began, "O darling queen,"
And lines ran thus "My heart grows sad."
Full oft a pleasure it had been
To write rondeaux ere the ballade
I loved. But now the sweet sestine
In its six stanzas holds me mad.

Drear thoughts that oft have made me sad.
Ah! then I wrote joys being, been;
And joys to come in the ballade
By Villon loved as the sestine,
By De Gramont from love made mad
And prone to praise his torn heart's queen.

And so his verses long have been
By lovers used when the ballade
Could not well hold what the sestine
In laughing verses sang. But mad
He would have been his sweet-heart queen
In other lines to sing; for what more sad

Or gayer than Villon's ballade
Can be?—except De Gramont his sestine—
A measure fitter far for mad
Poets than sane. To sing a queen
'Tis fitter far than pantoum sad
Or gay rondeaux have ever been.

But now my song of the weird sestine
Must end. And though I often mad
Have been to find that I used "queen,"
But as a padding rime, and sad
My lines too rough and dull have been,
I love it more then the ballade. J.F.F.

It was His Business.

MARTIN O'SHAUGHNESSY.

"I guess I'll go back to Summit," said the brawny miner, as he entered the kitchen of the cottage where he had been boarding. "Arkolon is overcrowded now," he continued, "and them foremen ain't goin' to open no new rooms soon, and if they did there's enough idle men here to work more rooms than they could open."

The girl to whom he was speaking did not look up from her work. But the manner in which she worked showed that his words had affected her. When he left the kitchen she dropped the knife with which she had been paring apples, and brushed a tear from her cheek with her apron.

"He ain't goin' to leave," she said to herself, "if work and money can keep him here. Jim Daws has been goin' with Sallie ever since I told him that Jack was goin' to take me to preachin' that Sunday, and now Jack is goin' to leave Arkolon. No, he ain't! I know Sam will take him in a partner. Sam is such a good brother: ever since father died he ain't refused me nothin'."

Sam's "business" was illicit distilling of whiskey. That night after supper Sam and his sister sat up until a late hour talking about their boarder. Sam was reluctant in granting his sister's request because his business was their only support, and he knew well what it meant to be detected in illicit business. Besides, he did not think that Jack Williams, the boastful miner, would make a successful moonshiner.

The next day Williams prepared to leave. He packed his battered old valise, and after breakfast he strolled out to say farewell to his acquaintances. When he returned to the cottage he found Mabel sitting by a table with the morning paper.

"Are you goin' now, Jack?" she asked, with a slight tremor in her voice. "It ain't time for the train yet, you know."

"No, it ain't train-time yet," he answered. "But I reckon I just as well say good-bye to you, and thank you for the favors that I have received. I'll write to you when I get back home, and some day I'll come back to visit you."

"If work is all that makes you go," she said, as he held her hand, "you don't need to go.

Sam told me last night that he would take you in a partner, and his business is good now. He has too much work for one man."

"Sam ain't struck no good lead yet, and prospectin' won't pay a man's bills. I'm very thankful to you for this kindness. But, Mabel, there is work and a home waitin' for me in Summit."

"Sam ain't no prospector," she quickly replied. "He is the best moonshiner on this ridge."

"It's work and money that I want," he said, "but I never knew Sam was a moonshiner. I'll put my old grip back, and to-night I'll talk it over with Sam;" and taking his valise he walked into his room.

After supper the two men talked together for a short time, then they started for the mountain. Williams found it a most difficult task to follow his partner up the rough mountain side, for the path led through the largest thickets of underbrush, but Sam wound his way through the bushes with ease and quickness. Half way up the mountain side the path made a sharp turn down the mountain. Not more than a hundred paces from the turn of the path in a thick cluster of trees was the still.

"This is my place, Jack," said Sam, as they came opposite the wide dugout. "I ain't been bothered yet," he added, "but Lord only knows how soon they'll get me. Come in an' I'll start the fire."

"Need not mind about goin' in," said Williams, "I want you now. I would not have taken this long walk, but I wanted to learn where you worked."

As the moonshiner turned the revolver of the United States marshal was so close to his face that he started back. His hands slowly raised above his head, but with a cry he dropped his arms and dashed at the marshal. A pistol shot rang out, and the moonshiner staggered and fell. A noise in the brush from behind made the marshal turn, and he faced Mabel standing only a few feet distant. As her quick eye caught the form upon the ground she sprang forward and bent over the corpse.

"Oh, God!" she exclaimed, "'twas I who did it. I was too blind to see his lies."

Williams saw her hand in the bosom of her dress, but before he could stop her, a third pistol report rang through the woods. He laid their corpses in the dugout, and slowly wound his way back to the village.

That night he took the train for Summit.

A Bad Scare.

THOMAS J. DILLON, 1900.

After I was graduated, I decided that I should be a supreme judge, and to accomplish this desired end I went to work at the other end of the line in the office of a prominent attorney. My salary was microscopic, but not so my wants. To keep up a pretence of respectability while at work, I was forced to dine in restaurants where everything was to be had for twenty-five cents.

There were of course very many persons on the same financial level as I was, but few of them were so well dressed. There appeared to be no distinguishing traits among them, so I soon fell into the habit of paying no attention whatever to them.

One evening a dark-faced man sat down at the table I was using. After one quick glance at him I continued reading my paper and forgot his existence. When the waiter brought my supper I laid the paper down, so that the stranger might use it while waiting for his order. While doing this the thought struck me that I had seen the face before, but as this occurs frequently I paid no special attention to it. I looked up again and found the stranger staring at me.

"Hello! Lamb. Have you forgotten me?" he said, in a high, disagreeable voice.

The voice recalled the memory the face could not, and I recognized John Edwards, an old classmate. Edwards was never very well liked at school, and I had never been very intimately acquainted with him. We chatted over old days and old friends till we finished our meal.

As we were leaving the restaurant, Edwards suggested that we go to his room and have a smoke. I agreed to this, and soon found myself in a small room in the back portion of a business block.

"You see this is a business block, and on Sundays they close the fire-proof shutters and I have to light the gas."

After the gas was lighted and I had settled down for a good smoke, I asked Edwards what he was doing for a living.

"Oh! nothing much. I'm doing some chemical experiments off and on. Be sure you don't throw any lighted matches into this," holding up a jar filled with greenish powder. "A few inhales of that smoke would fix you." I assured

him that I would be exceedingly careful, as I had no desire whatsoever to die.

We sat for some time smoking, when Edwards excused himself, saying that he would be back in a minute. He shut the door as he went; and in a moment I got up to open it as I thought that the cigar smoke was too thick. The door was locked. Wondering how it occurred I sat down again to await Edwards' return.

Pretty soon I detected a strange smell. With a half-hearted laugh I picked up the jar of powder, and there it was smouldering away. I was thoroughly frightened then, and made no pretence of laughter. I threw my weight against the door, but 'twas worse than useless.

I felt the deadly drug beginning to work on me. Cold drops of sweat covered my forehead; my breath came hard, and the room began to whirl about me, and I lost consciousness.

The first thing I saw when I came to was Edwards explaining matters to an officer, who appeared not to pay the slightest attention. The other two policemen were washing my face with cold water, and I was soon on my feet.

"You're all right, young fellow, only pretty well scared. You see Edwards escapes from St. John's asylum two or three times a year. He's not dangerous only so far as he is likely to scare people to death. There was nothing in that jar but sachet powders and tea. I guess you'd as soon be poisoned as scared to death."

I heartily agreed with him, but I was thankful nevertheless.

A Summer Romance.

GEORGE HARRIS.

It was not strange that John Worth should fall in love with Miss Steele. He had gone to Colorado Springs for his health, and the place was almost deserted. The first time he saw Miss Steele he admired her, and as there were very few pretty girls at the Springs, he thought of her a great deal. Before long he would look for her whenever he was alone.

John was with Miss Steele most of the time. Every day they took long walks in the mountains, and his love increased each time. At night he debated in his mind whether or not he should propose marriage. His father was a very wealthy man whose chief boast was that one of his ancestors fought at Hastings. He

declared that John should marry no one that could not trace her family as far back as the war of the Revolution. John knew that his father would object to Miss Steele for two reasons—Her mother's name had been Smith; and, moreover, Mr. Worth had already picked the girl that John should marry. John had been pleased at the idea of marrying this girl; but now he knew that he would not. He wrote to try to gain his father's consent to his marriage with Miss Steele.

One day as John and Miss Steele stopped on their way down the mountain, she told him that she was going home the next morning. John was dismayed and determined to act at once. He took her hand and started to speak, but a cough warned him, and they were soon joined by some friends. Maud looked vexed, and John's anger was so obvious that no one enjoyed the walk home. John had no other opportunity to speak to Maud, and the next morning she returned to Denver.

When Maud had gone there was almost no pleasure for John. He smoked, read the papers and waited for her letters. They came regularly, and John's pleasure in them was so great that he overlooked all mistakes of grammar and spelling. He noted with pride that her home was in one of the most fashionable parts of Denver. At last he received a letter from his father saying that he would be disowned if he married Miss Steele. John was heart broken, and the next morning he left for Denver. He would marry Maud, if she would have him, in spite of his father.

He arrived in the city in the afternoon, and at once wrote to Maud; but she was busy and asked him to call in the evening. As he sat reading the note and wondering how long the afternoon would be, some one said:

"Well, Frank Worth, where did you come from?"

It was Fred Dixon, one of John's friends at college. John had not heard from him for years, and he did not know he was in the city. Both were delighted at the meeting, and Fred insisted that John come to his home. John wondered if Fred knew Maud Steele, and he intended to tell him why he had come to Denver. He thought, however, that he would wait until he had seen Maud.

That evening, as they were sitting at the table, John was absorbed in a conversation with Fred's sister. He heard an exclamation of dismay, and looked up. There was Maud waiting on the table.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1901.

Lennie Steele was not the same Lennie in school that day. He did not nudge the boy sitting beside him, nor throw a wad of paper when the teacher's back was turned. He was deeply in trouble. At dinner his mother had told him to hurry home from school—she wanted to cut his hair before supper time. Recollections of the last "hair-cut" he had from her were fresh in his mind. He remembered how it had caused him to lose all prestige with the other boys; how they giggled when he came into the school-room on that ill-fated morning,—even the teacher smiled. The boy beside him poked him in the ribs, and whispered, "steps! steps!" The older boys at recess grabbed his hat, and, striking him on the head, cried: "Cover the black! cover the black! steps! steps!" The little boys yelled louder than the older ones. They followed him down the street, their cries ever increasing in vehemence. He had turned round and said scornfully: "Ah, shut up! What do you kids know?" This only made them cry the louder: "Look at 'em! look at 'em! steps! steps!"

That day he had faced all the traditions and prejudices of boyville, and he determined never to face them again. Their scorn cut him deeply and he cried when he was alone. He had been afraid to hit the big boys because they were too strong for him, and the little boys because they had big brothers. Altogether, it had cost him many a fight to gain a semblance of his lost prestige. Besides, there was the butcher's boy, his hair was always cut by the barber. Painful recollections like these were not fitted to ease his troubled mind.

When school was out Lennie did not go home immediately. A vision of his mother with a large pair of scissors was constantly before his mind; so he loitered about watching a game of cinci. The game became interesting and Lennie began to play. He knelt on the soft ground covering his shoes and knickerbockers with mud; he played with all his little heart until the growing darkness reminded him of home. With a guilty look he tried to sneak into the kitchen and get behind the stove unobserved, but a misplaced coal scuttle betrayed him.

"Ah! it is you," said his mother, seizing him by the coat-sleeve and dragging him over to

the window. "I thought I told you to come home from school immediately—and your clean jacket and knickerbockers dirty from playing marbles. I'll attend to you afterward." With this she pushed him into a dark bed-room.

He half lay on the bed and drew up in his fancy all kinds of dire and fantastic images of revenge. He reiterated his resolution of resistance, but at each reiteration they grew weaker—solitude and darkness must have had something to do with this: but one thing he was certain of—he would resist. They could not coerce him, and if they did he would run away and become a robber. The more he thought on this plan the more feasible it became.

At supper no one appeared to notice him. He had made up his mind to eat nothing; but when he saw the custard-pie he weakened, and thought he would eat "just a slice." The table was cleared, his mother took down the lamp and got an old apron. His heart sank.

"Come here, Lennie, I'm going to cut your hair."

"I don't want to," he whimpered.

"Come here, I say."

"I don't want to."

She walked over to the cringing lad and forced him into a chair.

"Now sit there."

"Lemme go—I don't want my hair full of steps. Lemme go."

He made a resistance, broke away from his mother and rushed to the door.

"I'll never stay in this old house again. I'll run away."

He almost closed the door, leaving a crevice through which he could peer into the room.

"That poor child will get his death of cold," he heard his mother say. "Mary, bring him in."

"He won't stay in the cold very long," Mary said. "Let him stay there. It will take some of the stubbornness out of him. You give him too much of his own way, mother."

He went over to Mary's bicycle which was in the outer hall. If only he had a pin! He doubled up his little fist and struck it; he did not like to kick it. He felt around in the storm-shed to find something which he could take with him, perhaps a butcher's knife. It was early in spring and his teeth began to chatter. His hand came in contact with a tub filled with water; he felt it carefully so as not to upset it. It stood firm. Now he would be revenged. He would spill the water on the floor. Gradually and gradually he applied his

strength to the tub; it would not budge. He was chagrined. Thoughts of the goat flickered across his mind. The goat had an unsavory reputation in the neighborhood and was an ardent admirer of flowers. The dressmaker two doors away laid the disappearance of two geranium plants and the destruction of a rose-bush at its door. Mary and his mother had spent the entire morning in setting flower plants. Determined on leaving the goat out to wreak havoc upon them, Lennie started for the shed; it was set back near the alley-way. The neighboring sheds were dark, low and gloomy, and the alley-way looked very uninviting. With slow and cautious steps he approached the shed door; his resolution grew less determined as he came closer. While endeavoring to open the door, Lennie looked hurriedly on either side and over his shoulder so as not to be attacked from the rear. A fancied step in the alley-way and he fled pell-mell toward the storm shed.

It wouldn't do to capitulate so soon; he would still make them suffer. He thought of the cellar; it was low and warm there; but when he had crept half-way through the small doorway he grew timid; he crept all the way through, but remained close to the open door. It was not so warm as he had expected; then there might be burglars. The almost absolute darkness made him timid, and he moved closer to the door. His head was kept moving from side to side on the lookout for dangers; the uncertainty of his position made him very suspicious. He had been watching with much concern two bright shining objects about thirty feet away. It was puss looking in his direction; but how was he to know it was puss? Puss moved her head and started for the door. Poor Lennie! all the stories of ghosts, goblins and fairies which were early instilled into his credulous mind were remembered in the cellar, especially the one of the bright-eyed tiger that endeavored to eat Mowgli. When he saw those two bright eyes coming toward him, with a cry of "O ma! ma! ma!" he rushed through the doorway and upstairs into the kitchen.

"Poor child!" said his mother, "he is almost frozen to death."

She felt his hands, chafed his temples, and let his head rest upon her lap. When Lennie gazed from the folds of her apron at his eldest sister, he saw her laughing and holding in her hand a pair of bright, new hair-clippers. His struggle was nothing; his hair would not have "steps;" it would be like the butcher boy's.

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H. P. BARRY, } Reporters.
HENRY S. FINK, }

—During the past week we were favored by visits from two very distinguished churchmen, Rt. Rev. M. F. Howley, D. D., and Rev. Father St. John of St. John's, N. F., and Rt. Rev. George M. Lenihan, D. D., Bishop of Auckland, New Zealand.

—Librettos for the Greek play will be on sale by the members of the Greek classes and also at the Students' Office. They can be had for twenty-five cents apiece. Everybody should have one so that he may follow the play. The Greek text will be printed on one page, the English translation on the next. They will make nice souvenirs of the occasion, and you will miss it if you neglect to purchase one.

—“It is not so bad to be defeated, if you are defeated by gentlemen, and as victors in the baseball game with our Indiana brother athletes next spring, we will be glad to return the compliment to the SCHOLASTIC, and say: ‘The Notre Dame baseball team is the finest lot of athletic gentlemen we ever defeated.’”—*The Illini*, October 21, 1898.—Cheer up, Brother Rhoads, you have another think coming. Ireland will rule England bye and bye.

The Papal Delegate at Notre Dame.

On Wednesday morning while the band was playing, the students cheering and the chimes ringing, Archbishop Martinelli, Delegate Apostolic of the Holy See, arrived at Notre Dame. With him were Rev. Frederick Rooker, D. D., secretary of the delegation, Very Reverend Dr. Zahm, Rev. President Morrissey and Rev. Father Connor who had gone to Wellsboro to meet him in a special car. The Archbishop's carriage was met at the city limits by the University band and military companies. Nearly all the students had walked down to escort His Excellency to the University. The procession marched to the front porch of the main building. The entrance was tastefully and elaborately decorated with flags and banners, conspicuous among which were the three American flags presented to the University by the classes of '97-'98-'99, respectively. All the members of the faculty were gathered on the porch to meet the distinguished guest as soon as he alighted from his carriage. Very Reverend President Morrissey made a brief address of welcome in behalf of the members of the faculty. He told the Archbishop in few words that his visit was one anxiously looked for by the faculty and students, and that Notre Dame was only too glad to welcome him within her gates as well on account of his personal worth as because he represented the Holy Father. Notre Dame, he said, would never be found wanting in loyalty and devotion to the venerable Old Man that fills the chair of Peter.

The Archbishop replied briefly, expressing his thanks for the welcome accorded to him, and assuring all that his first impressions of Notre Dame were most favorable. During the day many of our esteemed friends from the neighboring city called to pay their respects to our distinguished guest. He spent the remainder of the time in visiting with Very Rev. Dr. Zahm and members of the faculty.

On Thursday morning, the Feast of the Ascension, Pontifical High Mass was celebrated in the college church by the Very Reverend Archbishop. The ceremonies were very imposing and grand. Shortly before eight o'clock all the students were gathered at the college parlors, and the college band was stationed just outside the doors. Thither came the numerous acolytes, cross-bearer, attending clergymen, deacons and the Archbishop, all vested and ready to proceed with the solemn service. A

procession was formed and marched, by way of the statue in the centre of the park, to the church. Father Fitte and Father Regan were the deacons of honor; Father French deacon of the Mass, and Father Scheier subdeacon. The services were all under the direction of Rev. W. R. Connor, who has so ably filled the position of master of ceremonies during the past few years. Very Rev. Father Guendling, Vicar-General of the diocese of Fort Wayne,

and his assistants had been working there during the morning, and they had the tables filled with flowers and the ceiling hung with bunting. The university orchestra was stationed at one end of the hall and played good music during the hour of the meal. This custom of bringing the orchestra into the refectory on festive occasions is one that originated only this year, but it is one that will last.

There were many guests here to dine with

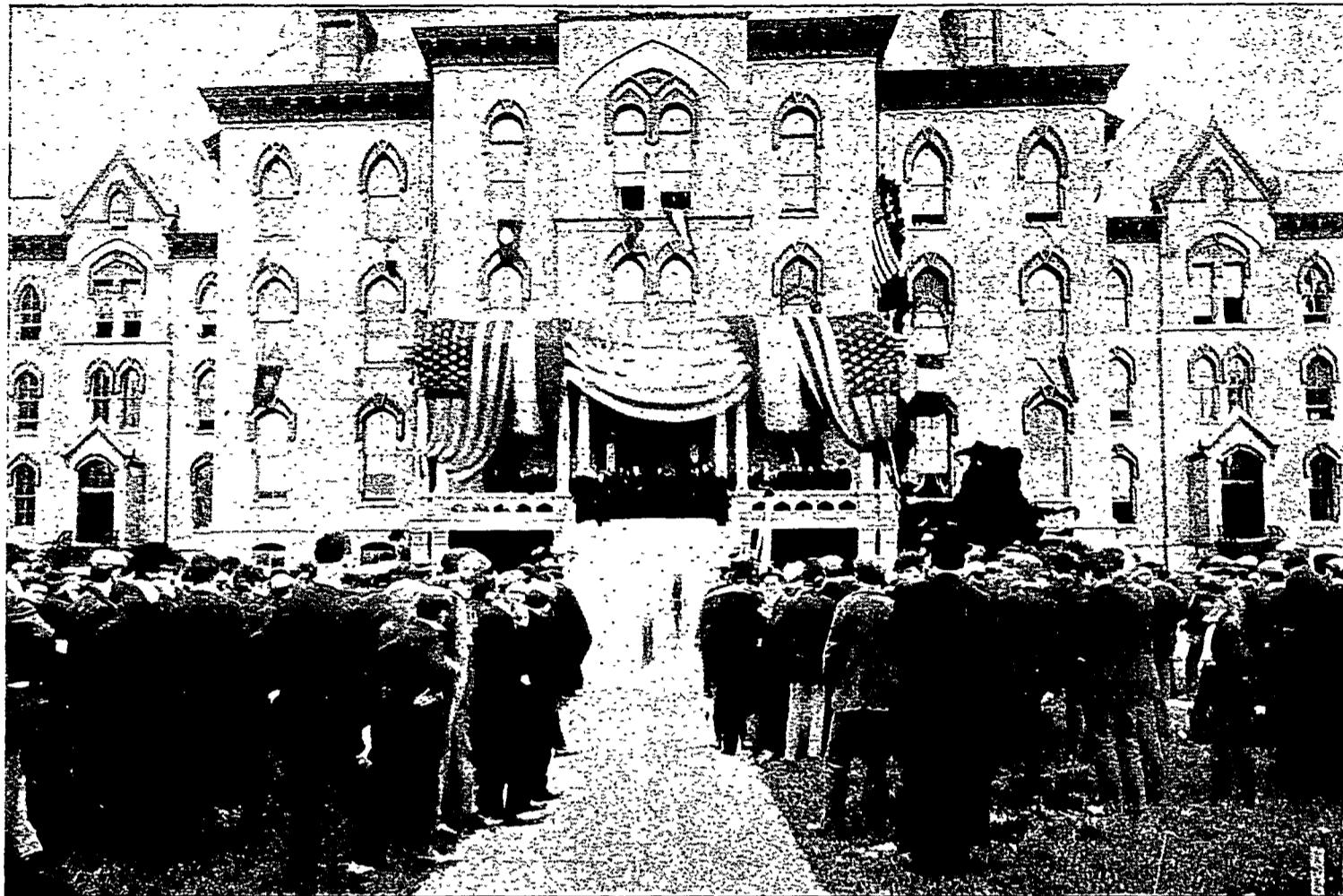


HIS EXCELLENCY MOST REVEREND SEBASTIAN MARTINELLI, D. D.,
APOSTOLIC DELEGATE FOR THE UNITED STATES.

acted as assistant priest. Reverend Frederick Rooker, D. D., secretary to the delegation, preached the sermon, referring to different incidents in the life of our Divine Lord and more particularly to His Ascension.

Dinner was served in the Brownson dining-hall at noon. As usual on such occasions the spread was something tempting, and the refectory was nicely decorated. Brother William

the Archbishop, but it will be impossible for us to ascertain the names of all. Mr. Patrick O'Brien, Mr. J. Oliver, Mr. Clem Studebaker and brother, Mr. J. M. Studebaker, Hon. Mayor Colfax, Rev. J. DeGroot, Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Rev. P. Johannes, Hon. Lucius Tong and many others from South Bend, Very Rev. Dean O'Brien from Kalamazoo and Rev. Charles Guendling from Lafayette, Indiana,



PRESIDENT MORRISSEY ADDRESSING THE DELEGATE IN BEHALF OF FACULTY AND STUDENTS.

were among those that took dinner with us.

In the afternoon, His Excellency, together with Rev. Provincial Zahm, Father Morrissey and other members of the faculty, was in attendance on Brownson campus to witness our ball team win their splendid victory from Illinois. Although the Archbishop is not familiar with the game and did not understand the fine points of play, he enjoyed the game very much and had many flattering compliments for our men in regard to their good work.

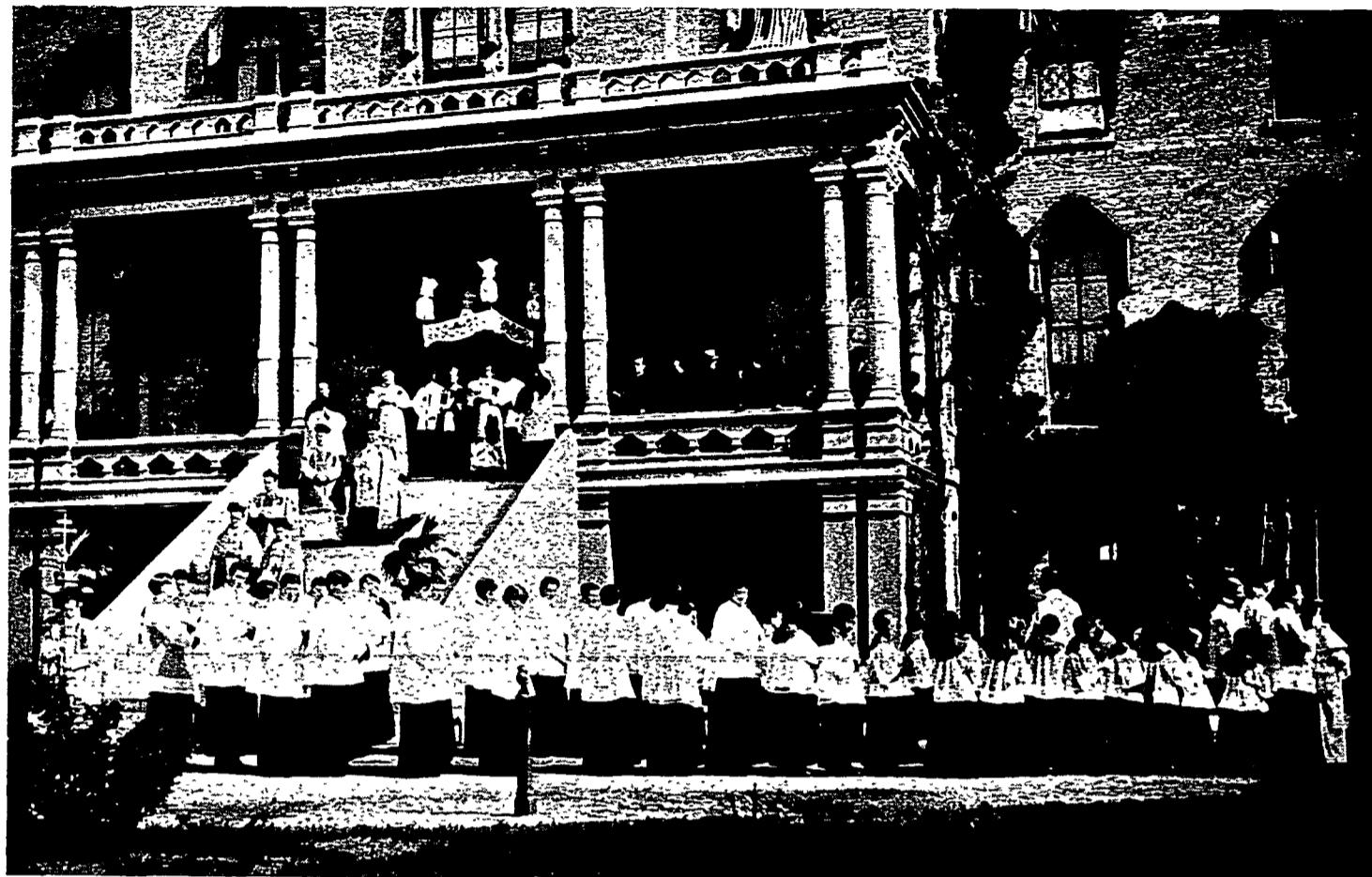
Yesterday the Archbishop spent the forenoon in inspecting the different departments of the University, and acquainting himself with the work that is being done here. In the afternoon he visited South Bend in response to an invitation from Mr. Clem Studebaker and Mr. Oliver. This morning a reception was tendered him by the pupils of St. Edward's Hall. To-day he will remain at the University, and to-morrow he will spend the day at St. Mary's Academy.

Next Monday evening the formal reception by the students will be tendered to him in Washington Hall. The members of the Greek classes will present the "Œdipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles, on which they have been working steadily during the past weeks. Every-

thing points to a successful performance, and the occasion will doubtless be one worthy of the man in whose honor it is given. Father Stoffel, C. S. C., who holds the chair of Greek in the University, and who directed the successful performances of "Antigone" some years ago, has charge of the production. Everything connected with the play will be our own. The librettos are our translation printed by the SCHOLASTIC press; the stage work and scenery are arranged by Professor Ackerman.

His Excellency's stay at the University will end next Tuesday morning. He will go from here direct to Washington, D. C.





THE DELEGATE CONDUCTED BY THE CLERGY FROM THE MAIN BUILDING TO THE UNIVERSITY CHAPEL FOR PONTIFICAL MASS.

Notre Dame, 15; Illinois, O.

The headline tells the final chapter of the best game of baseball that has been played on these grounds for a long time, but it takes considerable more time and space to tell of Gibson's great work. For a long time to come the fans will tell how he held the men from Illinois down to two clean and one scratch hit; not once did the youths who thrive under Coach Huff ever reach the third bag. One made a forlorn attempt, but Phillip O'Neill's arm and Fleming's receptive mitt showed him his error.

Gibson was not in the best condition when the game started, and he soon had a raging headache; but rage as it might his arm and eye worked to perfection; besides his pitching he secured two hits, and one of them was for two bases. It was an errorless game on our part. Lynch at short made a wonderful play, capturing a fast grounder on the second bag with one hand, and throwing the batter out.

The work at bat makes this year's team the best hitters that Notre Dame has ever had. Three two-baggers and a total of fifteen hits off a first-class pitcher is enough to make the most chilly supporters of the team get out and root. McDonald and Brown led

the batters with three hits apiece, and five runs are to their credit.

Speaking of rooting, the work in that line was a decided improvement. Let it go on, you saw how much good it did Thursday. Notre Dame has the best team in the West and the poorest crowd of rooters. That's not right. It's time to reform; it doesn't cost anything but a little wind.

In the first two innings neither side scored; each team had a hit apiece. In the third, Farley's little hit scored Brown and Lynch. In the fourth, Donahoe's two bagger scored Gibson, and Brown scored McDonald. Gibson opened the sixth with a two bagger, but was caught on third. The captain's two bagger scored Donahoe; Brown's single scored McDonald.

The glorious seventh opened somewhat sadly. Farley and Becker both went out, then Phil came up for a hit, and then the fun continued and did not cease until eight men crossed the plate. Illinois could do nought in the ninth, and the crowd bore Gibson away on their shoulders. What was looked upon as the hardest game of the season had been played, and Notre Dame was rejoicing over a splendid victory.

THE SCORE;

NOTRE DAME	A.B.	R.	I B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Donahoe, c. f.	6	3	2	0	0	0
McDonald, 1 b.	6	3	3	13	0	0
Brown, 2 b.	5	2	3	4	3	0
Fleming, 3 b.	5	1	1	1	0	0
Lynch, s. s.	5	2	0	0	4	0
Farley, l. f.	5	1	2	1	0	0
Becker, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
O'Neill, c.	5	1	2	7	2	0
Gibson, p.	4	2	2	1	4	0
Totals	45	15	15	27	13	0
ILLINOIS	A.B.	R.	I B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Johnson, c.	3	0	1	4	0	0
Lotz, s. s.	4	0	1	0	6	4
Hall, r. f.	4	0	0	3	0	0
Adsit, 1 b.	2	0	0	11	1	1
Fulton, 2 b.	3	0	0	0	2	0
Floge, 3 b.	3	0	1	2	3	1
Wilde, c. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Lundgren, p.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Wernhan, l. f.	3	0	0	1	0	1
Totals	28	0	3	*23	12	7

SUMMARY.—Two base hits, Donahoe, Gibson, McDonald. Base on balls, off Gibson, 2, off Lundgren 3. Struck out by Gibson, 6; by Lundgren, 2. Left on bases, Notre Dame, 6; Illinois, 2. Stolen bases, Brown, Becker, Lynch, McDonald, Donahoe, Gibson, O'Neill, Lotz, Johnson. Umpire, Tindil. Time, 1:50.

* McDonald bunted foul third strike.

**

Notre Dame, 10; Purdue, 5.

Our ball players effectively shattered all aspirations of other Indiana colleges for the state championship. The boys were not in the very pink of condition when they arrived at Lafayette, nevertheless there was never any doubt during the game as to the outcome. Purdue was one run ahead at the end of the sixth inning; but our strongest batters were coming up in the seventh, and Gibson made up his mind that Purdue would score no more, and they didn't. Had it been on our own diamond, or one any way near as good, it would probably have been an errorless game on our part. Gibson on the slab proved a delusion and a snare for opposing batters; he allowed not one hit after the sixth inning.

Brown's only chances were at the bat, and he made the most of them, scoring three times and fattening his batting average with three hits, one of them a two-bagger. M. Smith was the first man up for Purdue, and he raised their hopes by a two-base hit; but "Gib" can't be trifled with, and Brownson, Young and Robertson neglected to hit the ball. Donahoe, McDonald and Follen took three apiece. H.

Smith struck; Laidlow got a pass; Grenich and McKenzie hit safe, and Laidlow scored. Deans sacrificed; Grenich scored. M. Smith struck out. Brown evened matters a little with a two-bagger. Fleming got to first. Lynch hit safe. Brown and Fleming scored. Lynch went out at home. Farley and O'Neill retired. Score, 2-2.

Purdue made one next inning; Notre Dame 2. Donahoe got a two-bagger. Neither side scored in the fourth or fifth. Purdue scored twice in the sixth by a hit and three clever bunts. Notre Dame didn't score, and Purdue's hopes ran high. Alas! McDonald, Follen and Brown scored in the seventh and ninth. The umpire was a huge joke.

THE SCORE:

NOTRE DAME	A.B.	R.	I B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Donahoe, c. f.	5	1	1	1	0	0
McDonald, 1 b.	5	2	0	10	0	0
Follen, r. f.	5	2	1	0	0	0
Brown, 2 b.	5	3	3	1	0	0
Fleming, 3 b.	5	1	2	2	1	1
Lynch, s. s.	5	0	1	0	4	1
Farley, l. f.	5	0	0	1	0	0
O'Neill, c.	5	0	0	10	3	1
Gibson, p.	4	1	1	1	4	1
Totals	43	10	9	26*	12	4

PURDUE	A.B.	R.	I B.	P.O.	A.	E.
M. Smith, 1 b.	4	0	1	9	0	1
Brownson, c. f.	5	0	1	1	1	0
Young, r. f.	5	0	0	0	0	1
Robertson, 2 b.	5	1	0	2	2	2
H. Smith, 3 b.	5	0	2	2	3	0
Laidlow, s. s.	3	1	0	2	4	1
Grenich, l. f.	4	2	2	4	0	1
McKenzie, p.	4	1	1	0	3	0
Deans, c.	2	0	0	6	1	1
Totals	37	5	7	26*	14	7

Two base hits, Brown, Donahoe, M. Smith. Bases on balls, off Gibson 2, off McKenzie 2. Hit by pitched balls, Deans. Struck out by Gibson 12, by McKenzie 5. Stolen bases, Gibson, Donahoe, Follen (2), McDonald (2). Umpire, Kelly.

* McDonald and Laidlow bunted foul on 3d strike.

**

Notre Dame, 14; De Pauw, 11.

Before anything is said about the game, the Notre Dame ball team wishes to thank the gentlemen of De Pauw for the kind and courteous treatment they received while at Greencastle. De Pauw may feel sure that Notre Dame will always be anxious for an opportunity to make returns whenever they may come here.

Our boys left Lafayette at midnight and arrived in bad shape at Greencastle. Pete

Follen was seriously ill and could not go in the game. There were several costly errors made on our part, but it does not make much difference since we won.

Holland, he of the happy smile, did the slab work for five innings, and did it well. Three hits and no scores were made off him in the first four times at bat. There were three costly errors made in the fifth and three hits, and five men scored. "Happy" kept up his nerve, however, and struck the last man out. Gibson went in at the sixth inning, tired and sore. He held them down in the sixth and seventh, but the eighth was a repetition of the fifth—three costly errors and three hits scoring five men.

The diamond was even worse than at Purdue, and our boys can not be criticised for their work. The home team had ten errors. Fleming and O'Neill were very prominent at the bat, each having three hits to his credit. Brown as usual got his two-bagger. O'Neill behind the bat does a great deal of good work; besides playing a star game at critical points, his persistent cry of "Peaches, peaches," cheers the infield along. Donahoe is making a record for himself in the central lot; the way in which he pulls down hard drives makes the "sluggers" weary.

THE SCORE:

NOTRE DAME	A.	B.	R.	I	B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Donahoe, c. f.	6	0	0	1	3	0		
McDonald, i. b.	6	2	1	9	0	1		
Brown, 2 b.	5	1	1	2	2	1		
Fleming, 3 b.	5	2	3	0	5	1		
Lynch, s. s.	4	2	1	3	4	1		
Farley, l. f.	3	2	0	1	0	0		
Becker, r. f.	5	2	1	0	1	2		
O'Neill, c.	4	3	3	11	2	1		
Holland, p.	2	0	1	0	1	0		
Gibson, p.	2	0	1	0	2	0		
Totals	42	14	12	27	20	7		
DE PAUW.	A.	B.	R.	I	B.	P.O.	A.	F.
J. Bohn, l. f.	5	2	1	1	0	1		
Haynes, c. f.	3	2	0	0	0	0		
Pulse, p.	5	1	2	2	4	0		
P. Bohn, 2 b.	5	2	1	1	1	3		
Ellis, 3 b.	4	2	2	2	3	0		
Conklin, r. b.	4	1	1	10	0	0		
Longwell, r. f.	5	1	2	2	0	3		
Jerrell, s. s.	4	0	1	0	1	3		
Price, c.	5	0	0	6	0	0		
Totals	40	11	10	24	9	10		

Two base hits, Gibson, Brown, Ellis. Bases on balls, off Gibson 3, off Pulse 2. Hit by pitched ball, Farley, O'Neill, Jerrel, Haynes, Conklin. Struck out by Holland 3, by Gibson 5, by Pulse 5. Stolen bases, Holland (2), Donahoe, O'Neill, Gibson. Umpire, Boland.

Exchanges.

The initial number of the *Bee* comes to us from Berlin, Ontario. We wish this latest addition to college periodicals all success, and trust that in its work it will be valuable not only for its artistic, but also for its critical and literary work.

**

Our verse writers are like the proverbial prophet, they gain more recognition in strange lands than in their own. The *SCHOLASTIC* verse frequently is copied and favorably commented upon. Of the current number of the exchanges at least a dozen copy some of our verse, and the dozen includes such papers as the *Courant*, *Cynic*, *Northwestern* and *Round Table*.

**

The stories and verse in the Yale *Courant* grow better and better every issue, if that is possible; and we doubt it; for the *Courant* long ago solved the difficulty of publishing good fiction and verse. "Don Quixote" Simons and "The Undeserving" are two clever stories in the current number that have that delicacy and finish of touch that so characterize the work in the *Courant*. Mr. Robbin's "Lazarus" is a beautiful bit of blank verse, and the "Evensong" is very pretty in thought and cadence. Bachelor's Kingdom contains an exceptionally clever little sketch.

**

The April number of the *Agnetian Monthly* contains, among other interesting contributions, "Une Lettre," the result of the combined efforts of eight young ladies. They succeeded in writing an interesting letter, but we can not withhold a regret that so much effort should be spent on a French letter, when much less would have given us a delightful one in English. It speaks well for the young ladies' training to do something in French; but to do something well in English is work great enough, we think, even for such bright young ladies.

**

Some of the exchanges have very distinguished contributors, and it is no uncommon thing to find such names as Alfred, Lord Tennyson and John Milton signed to some of the college verse that comes to us. The Armour Institute *Fulcrum*—which, by the way, is an excellent paper—recently scooped its contemporaries by securing two pages of quatrains from the pen of Omar Khayyam. This is journalistic enterprise with a vengeance.

Local Items.

—The Carroll Specials defeated the Anti-Specials of that Hall last Wednesday by the score of 5 to 2.

—As usual, the "Carroll Hall Fans" turned out in full force to help our invincible team on to victory during the game last Thursday.

—The longest and most evenly-contested game played on Carroll campus this season was a 12-inning struggle between Capt. Weidman's team and Capt. Zeigler's. The former won by a score of 9 to 8.

—Rain stopped a one-sided game of ball last Wednesday afternoon. The sides struggling for victory were the St. Joseph Specials and Capt. Kelly's team. At the end of the third inning the score was 5 to 0 in favor of the latter.

—Nobis perplacuit libum gustare, pueræ.
Plena quidem fuerat dulcedine bucea quæque,
(Non dubium est quin vos plena dulcedine sitis)
Nam saturi laudare pueras cœpimus illas
Quæ semper sapiunt nobis bene liba parare.

Ad eas, quæ dant epulum pueræ,
Quæque jam nostro faciunt in orbe
Optimum libum, dominæ culinæ,
Demus honorem.

—Under the direction of Brother Cajetan the students of St. Edward's Hall have formed a tennis club. The following officers have been elected, President, L. Abrahams; Vice-President, H. Huleatt; Secretary, L. Wagner; Treasurer, J. Weis. The little fellows claim to have the best court in the University, and the tournaments promise to be spirited. The club is composed of the above-named officers, and Masters Taylor, Hall, W. Butler, McNamee, Deur, Bortell, Abercrombie, Lawton, Bernero, Griffen, C. Cary, Williams, Blanchfield, Weis, H. Cary, Bemis, McCarthy, McBride, Van Sant, Fleisher and Ninneman.

—Mr. Farragher, the learned philologist, in his researches into the archives of Notre Dame, has met with a poem which he considers a true lyric. Unaided he has translated it, and added annotations to explain prehistoric animals mentioned therein, animals which are now not in existence. The title is "The Luck of Snoring Camp":

Out goes the light and all is night,
Into their beds the sailors float:
Up comes a snore with a luff and roar
From the bass of Svensden's throat.
The snore is heard, though sadly blurred
From contact with his nose;
With prayers in mind and a club behind,
Toward John, Baldwin goes.
Dillon wakes, and sadly quakes
The air with sulphurous song;
And O'Shaughnessy's shoe cuts the air in two
As it looks for the cause of the wrong.
And Farley trots tying Gordean knots
To the tale of Crumley's shirt!
And Winter's now hot though their name is not
Converge where the song's taking birth.
Scheubert quite round, though a trifle profound,

Follows cautiously, though he doth shake;
And O'Reilly on fire with true Irish ire
Calls in vain for a German wake.

Then a smack and a bump and a well settled thump,
And snorer is in the land of the dead.

—PICK UPS:—Do you know that only for "Happy's" presence of mind and hands, there would probably have been a funeral at Purdue? No! Well, he was sitting on the bleachers where there was the greatest variety of colors to be seen when some one drove a hot foul plumb for a little fellow's head. Leo smiled, took the youngster in his arms, caught the ball, smiled again, and threw the ball into the diamond. The S. P. C. C. should hear of this.

Out of fifteen times at bat Brown has made seven hits. This is far from being a bad week's work. At this rate he'll lead the Western Intercollegiate.

Manager Ragan sent a telegram to Pete Follen, telling him of Thursday's game. It will be very strange if Pete is not on his feet soon. Such news would cure almost anything.

"Nobody knows how we play ball," but if anybody is anxious for information of that character, we can give them some good references. Only able-bodied men need apply.

There is some talk of getting our genial captain another kind of gum. He certainly deserves it. While we are discussing the captain, did you notice the ecstatic smile that circumscribes his countenance when the team is playing good ball? Look out for it Monday!

Phil O'Neill is gradually fattening up his hitting average; besides he is the originator of a caterpillar slide that is as effective as it is startling.

"What a nice looking young man is Mr. Gib—!" Well we won't tell any tales; you can ask any of the team; they're not so conscientious.

Freddie: "Let me introduce you to the Cap—again our conscience troubles us."

The Howe Military Academy of Lima, Ind., will play Mike Flannigan's Comers on the 18th. And what the Comers won't do isn't much, so Mike says. Here's good luck to you, Mike! Hadn't you better get your short stop a pair of roller skates? No offense, merely a suggestion.

All parties are hereby warned not to trespass on or around second base. The man that exercises there will bring down that club that he has in the dormitory. Pure imagination can complete this ultimatum.

"Bring back my sandwich to me."

Every afternoon, a dare-devil aggregation, that puts itself under the leadership of Yockey of Escanaba fame, may be seen performing uncouth gyrations on St. Joseph's field. A mit, a bat and a ball figure slightly in the performance; but what the ultimate object is passeth all understanding. Yockey doesn't know which hand to put the mit on.